

Orange County Observer

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891.

NEW SERIES-VOL. X. NO. 44.

As many as 1600 people are said to be "singed" in the United States yearly.

The Italian troubles have diverted American travel from Rome, and the newspapers say their losses have been very large.

It will cost \$9,478,547 to run the City of Brooklyn during 1892. This is at the rate of \$11 for every man, woman and child in the city.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European states as well.

As a consolation for surplus women here and elsewhere it may be mentioned that in Japan the case is the same. The last census there are nearly half a million more women than men.

A census-taker has discovered that in the east of the counties in the United States are named for Presidents. In Kansas there are seven counties which bear the names of Presidents—Garfield, Grant, Jackson, Jefferson, Johnson, Lincoln and Washington.

Missouri is outstripping Kentucky in the stock raising business, asserts the *New York World*. In former days all the best horses and mules came from the Blue Grass State, but the conditions have changed, and now, the *World* says, the best stock obtainable is to be found in Missouri.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* considers that Lieutenant Finley's scheme to insure fruit and crops in California against the ravages of a good one. If insurance companies had profit in guaranteeing Mississippi valley farmers against damage by cyclones, they certainly ought to make it pay to insure our orchards.

German women, led by Frauchen Lange, have petitioned the Government for gymnasiums for women students which shall be empowered to grant diplomas and honors equal to those granted to men. This has been granted, the head-quarters being at Weimar. The setting apart of special State institutions has been refused.

The latest reports from China are to the effect that the native opposition to all work of railroad construction, if less fanatical than it was a short time ago, is still obstinate and serious. When work was begun, a short time ago, upon the projected line at Keping, the attitude of the Cantonese was so menacing that more than one-half of the English workmen were compelled to retire.

According to *Our Week*, Uncle Sam's wards, the Crow Creek Sioux, are developing into "star boarders," who never miss a meal, never pay a cent, and are always finding fault with the bill of fare. White Ghost, the head chief, informs the Government that his set will be the most numerous that is not from extra stall-fed cattle. In return for the "Indian's land," this big chief apparently wants the fat of the land.

The New Orleans *Piety* calls attention to the case of a merchant who recently committed suicide because he was tired of doing the same thing over and over every day. The monotony of existence drove him to death as the only relief. Monotony, adds the Atlanta *Tri-Weekly*, is inevitable under our present conditions. The division of labor causes each worker to do the same thing every day in the year. Of course it makes life a matter of dull routine, and people will have to accept it or get out of the world.

It is a revelation of the extent to which the use of narcotics has increased, laments *Frank Leslie's*, that an institution is about to be erected in Brooklyn for the sole treatment of victims of the morphine and cocaine habit. Dr. J. B. Mattison, who has devised a unique method of cure, is at the head of the movement to build the Brooklyn Home for Habitues, the first institution of its kind in the United States, and which it is proposed to devote exclusively to the treatment of the victims of narcotics. Arrangements have been made for the care of twelve free patients, while others will be obliged to pay. An endowment fund of \$50,000 for the free wards is now being successfully raised, and the home will be erected during the ensuing summer.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

The road that passed his father's door
He thought stretched on forevermore,
Through fragrant vales of tangled grass,
O'er many a misty mountain pass,
But into wonders unexpressed
Beyond the cloudlands of the west,
Through lands and cities of renown,
To where the mighty sun goes down.

And so he left his father's door
And said, "I will return no more."

He traveled forth beyond the bridge,
He climbed the lofty mountain ridge,
He passed the river and the town
To find out where the sun went down;
But when he sank at close of day,
The sunset still was far away.

He trod through many a wind-swept glen;
In mighty tows he mixed with men;
The breath of many an alien breeze
Tossed him o'er unfamiliar seas;
He breathe the spicy gale that blows
From Southern archipelagos,
And in the quiet Eastern calm
He sought sweet sleep beneath the palm.
But when he looked at close of day,
The sunset still was far away.

He thought to leave his father's door
And travel on forevermore.

A withered pilgrim, bent and gray,
Kept on his unfamiliar way,
Deep-versed in lands, a man of men,
A universal citizen.

He circled all the earth; once more
He stood before his father's door—
Though many years his father slept
Upon the mountain side unwept—
He stood there wrinkled, worn and brown,
He stood there as the sun went down,
And in the twilight dim and gray
The sunset was not far away.

Out from the many millions hurled
He sank down weary of the world,
With all his tired journey o'er
To die beside his father's door.
And said, a sad smile on his brow,
"I pass beyond the sunset now."

—S. W. Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

TAKEN BY TARTARS.

In 1873 I was a sub-lieutenant in the Royal British Navy, serving on Her Majesty's gunboat Ticker, commanded by First Lieutenant (now Captain) Charles Napier. We were cruising in Chinese waters, keeping our eyes open for a lot of Tartar pirates who are the pests of these seas, and are dreaded by all honest trading vessels. We were lying at the mouth of the Ho-Tong, a small river or creek emptying into the Pacific, and Commander Napier had sent me, with a boatswain named Joe Macted and a launch's crew of twelve men, up the creek to hunt for and, if possible, to destroy the stronghold of a certain Tartar pirate who had recently made himself particularly obnoxious.

We got into the creek and rowed up about five miles without finding anything or anybody, and without being molested in any way whatever. Then I thought we had gone far enough, but, being young and panting for glory, I determined to reconnoitre a little further inland. So, talking with Joe Macted and two men, and giving orders to the men left in charge of the boat that if we did not return in forty-eight hours they were to come in search of us, we started upon what was undoubtedly a very fool-hardy trip.

The whole river bank on either side was a dense jungle for about half a mile, breaking into a belt of pine forest and then into the open. Here and there were narrow cuttings down to the river side—the river was only about eighty feet wide, about the width of a fairly wide street—and occasionally one came upon a tiny village with a clearing and small rice farms. The inhabitants of these villages, we suspected, all took a hand in the piratical excursions which the Ticker was endeavoring to suppress, but on the present occasion it was the head man of a small tribe, which even attacked the village pirates themselves, that we were after.

It was early morning—about 5 o'clock—when we started out upon our excursion. We thought to take advantage of the cool morning air and, if necessary, rest in the shade during the intense heat of the day. Of course we were well armed. We each carried a Colt's navy revolver, the men had each a rifle and cutlass and I my sword. Being fully aware of the possibility of losing our way and not getting back to the boat, we blazed the trees along our route and cut a path through the undergrowth. We also kept a lookout for ambushes, for there was little doubt that our pirate knew perfectly well that we were after him. We were not quite so well acquainted with the country as he, however. We made the discovery too late and to our bitter cost.

After about two hours' cutting and hacking at the dense undergrowth and having reached the belt of pine trees I ordered a halt, and we sat down to

breakfast. For two of our party it was their last meal. I do not know how it happened, for I had risen to my feet and was again moving onward expecting the men to follow instantly, when I heard Joe Macted's voice shouting to me:

"Mr. Martin! Lie down on your face! Flat down for God's sake!"

It saved my life. I just turned an instant, in time to see my two poor able-bodied seamen on their backs with a dozen arrows in the body of each, and Joe on his face on the ground. The whole wood seemed to be alive with the most horribly-rigged Tartar villains I set eyes on. Some had masks on their faces and all carried javelins and great swords. Well, I threw up my hands. I couldn't do less.

In an instant we were surrounded, and, leaving the two dead bodies where they lay, we were dragged along until we came to a large clearing about a quarter of a mile away, the existence of

which we had never suspected. Here was a sort of a village of bamboo huts, little more than an encampment of about eighty or a hundred men. We were in the hands of the pirates we had come to exterminate. There was nothing for it. They would exterminate us. We had not a chance. Our men wouldn't come after us for two days. There was no hope of a release. We might just as well make up our minds to it.

Up to this time we had been so far apart, separated by our guards, that we could not speak to each other or suggest any plans. When we reached the clearing, however, we were brought together, and marched before the most villainous-looking rascal I ever set eyes on—evidently the chief of the band. Joe was filling the air with the most lovely and choice selections from his truly magnificent vocabulary of Billingsgate, and calling upon each and every separate Tartar to let him have the use of his hands and the cutlass and meet him on fair ground. What would they do with us? We were very soon to know.

With a hospitality we could not understand, the chief signed us to sit down, and presently a great dish of delicious rice was placed before us and we were, by signs, invited to eat. Our morning trip had made us both hungry, notwithstanding that we had already had some breakfast, and not even the sad memory of the death of our comrades could prevent our "ptching in." Then came bowls of most refreshing, sparkling spring water. What would come next?

We noticed, as we finished our repast, a fiendish grin spread over the features of our host. He made a sign and said something which we, of course, did not understand. Two fellows came up and evidently said all was ready, for at another few words we were seized, made to stand on our feet, our arms bound securely to our sides, our ankles tied together and we were dragged off.

Presently we came to a spot where not a tree of any kind formed the slightest protection from the sun's rays, and where at a distance of about six feet apart we saw two large, deep holes.

"Now, what are they going to do?" asked Joe.

I had no time to answer, for in a minute we were dumped, feet foremost, one into each hole. Then the beggars began shoveling the sand soil in on top of us.

"They're going to bury us alive!" said Joe.

It was worse than that. That would have killed us too soon. They only buried us to the necks, leaving our heads free, but so securely fixed in the soil that we looked like a couple of living heads on a magician's table. Great God! what horribly conceived torture was this! While we were buried helpless there a brute came and with a sharp knife carefully shaved a round patch from the tops of our heads, then another smeared one sticky substance thereon. Were they going to set fire to us? Worse even than that!

Do not suppose that all this was done in silence. By no means. A horrible, yelling, jeering, hooting crowd surrounded us, and how they came and spat in our faces and slapped us with flat pieces of bamboo. This went on for a couple of hours, and the sun was beating down upon us with almost unbearable power. Then the flies came in myriads and bit and stung us. Then came a cry from Macted, which I quickly echoed: "I'm bursting! If this don't stop soon I'll burst!"

The rice and water we had swallowed was swelling, and the weight of the soil creating an enormous resistance our agony was intense.

"Great God! Why didn't we tell the men to come sooner?"

Then poured forth the cheeriest words of encouragement to me a man could think of.

"They'll never obey you, sir; they'll get anxious and come."

His words were prophetic. They were hardly out of his mouth when we heard the heartiest British cheer I ever heard ring through the clearing—then a volley and another from good British rifles, and then the short snapping of the revolvers—and then I fainted.

A week later, lying in my cabin on the Ticker, I heard how one of the men, angry at not being chosen to make the inland excursion with me, had followed us a short distance through the forest. He had seen the attack and at once scampered back to the boat. Realizing that ten men would be of little use against so many Tartars, they had rowed down the river right back to the Ticker and reported my capture to Commander Napier, who had come himself with a brigade to my rescue, with the result that you have already read.

Every pirate in that scoundrelly crew was shot or cutlassed in the attack. Not one escaped.—*New York Recorder*.

How Some Builders Build.

A glance at the business directory will reveal the fact that there are many hundreds of persons in this city who follow the calling of builders. Few of them are rich, all of them are hard workers. The development of the upper West side of the city and the Annexed District has been the cause of so many launching out into this branch of business.

A prominent builder told a *Mail and Express* reporter the other day that some so-called builders resort to all sorts of schemes to procure money enough to put up a structure and pay the laborers. He said that one of these builders who can scrape up a few thousand dollars will buy a lot worth \$7000 or \$8000, making a small cash payment, giving a mortgage for the balance. Provided with his lot, he can go to one of the many loan associations, and by agreeing to pay an exorbitant share, beside the interest, procure what is known as a "builder's loan."

The cellar is then dug and the foundation laid. Credit can be had for bricks enough to put up the basement or ground story, and arrangements can be effected with a dealer for brown-stone. As soon as the first story is up, the builder at once proceeds to raise more money by mortgaging it. With this money he receives he builds the second story, which, as soon as completed, he mortgages, applying the proceeds to the construction of a third story, and follows out the same line of conduct if a fourth story is needed. When the building is completed it is patched with three or four more mortgages.

It is then put on the market and a sale is often forced. A speculator buys up the mortgages, and after giving the builder a few hundred dollars from his profits, puts it in the market. The builder goes on the hunt for another lot upon which to put another building, satisfied with a small profit. The man with the money who buys up the mortgages is the one who reaps the benefit.—*New York Mail and Express*.

Logan at Bull Run.

It is well known that John A. Logan, who was a member of Congress at the time the war began, left Washington when he saw there was going to be a fight, and seizing a musket walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to take part in the battle. He had on a swallowtail coat, but he stood up to the rack as long as anybody did. He was back in Washington next morning, a good deal out of breath, and was telling his fellow Congressmen all about it.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from the North Woods of New York.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker evidently had not heard the news, for he seemed a little mystified, and asked, as if wishing to solve the mystery of Logan's sudden reappearance: "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running," "but every other blank thing in the State of Virginia is, as near as I could find out."—*Chicago Herald*.

Monster turtles are so abundant in Magdalena Bay, Lower California, that a company has gone into the business of canning the extract for exportation.

MIND-READING.

CURIOUS THINGS DONE BY A KENTUCKY BOY.

Blindfolded He Finds Articles Hidden and Repeats Correctly Figures and Words Thought of by Others.

A new mind-reader has been discovered at Glasgow, Ky., or rather discovered himself accidentally, not long since. He is Flavius Taylor, the son of Dr. F. J. Taylor, a Glasgow physician. His age is nineteen years, and some account of his doings has been sent to the *Courier-Journal* by Dr. P. C. Sutphin, another of Glasgow's physicians, who is familiar with the young man's case, and has made a study of mind reading, as well as what is termed "muscle reading," by performers who claim to be guided by the thrills of the muscles of the subject. Dr. Sutphin gives some speculations at length on the alleged distinction between mind reading and muscle reading, and arrives at the conclusion that, though there may be trickery and imposture used by some people, there is such a thing as mind reading and no such thing as muscle reading. He quotes from Stuart Cumberland, an English mind reader, who claimed that he was guided by the muscles, and who, in a performance before the Khedive of Egypt, wrote a word thought of (the name of the Khedive's son, Abbas), on a piece of paper in Arabic, a language of which he knew nothing, and this without a moment's hesitation. Cumberland said this was muscle reading, but Dr. Sutphin details a similar test with young Taylor which, he claims, shows the mind must bear its part in such a test as well as the muscles. He is willing to say that some things may be done by muscle reading but that others cannot. Dr. Sutphin, in his account of young Taylor's performance, says:

"We may concede all that Mr. Cumberland says of muscle reading, may agree that all his feats were performed by it, yet when it is attempted to include all mind reading in this, then it will be found that this cannot be done. There is much of mind reading, indeed, that could not be explained, nor, in fact, be accomplished by muscle reading. This is fully proved by a lately developed mind-reader here in the place in which I live—a young man, Flavius Taylor, nineteen years of age, son of Dr. F. J. Taylor, a prominent physician and Pension Medical Examiner. It is not improbable that in nearly every instance the gift of mind reading has been of accidental discovery on the part of the one possessing it, and thus it was accidentally made known to young Taylor. Several months ago an itinerant mind reader exhibited in this place, and young Taylor attended his performance. Returning home he playfully remarked to a young man who had accompanied him that he thought he would make a good mind reader, and that if the other would blindfold him and hide something he would find it for him. To have a little amusement he was duly blindfolded and told to find a book which had been hidden in an adjacent room. He grasped the hand of the young man who had hidden the book, but was utterly surprised to find that not only the book, but also its place of concealment were impressed on his mind. He readily took the young man to the place where the book was and handed it to him. After this, there were more or less frequent tests of his powers in finding things thus, while all hidden articles were always promptly located by him. Intermingled with these tests were others, such as willing him to do certain things. Say, for instance, that it was willed for him to take a particular flower of a number of flowers in a vase in the room and to hand it to a certain young lady present, to remove the watch from the pocket of a certain gentleman and to put it into that of another certain gentleman; to go to a library and take out some particular volume in it, and turn to a certain page and paragraph of sentence in it, and so on of other requests of this sort.

"All these were readily and accurately done by him, down to the minutest particular of the wish. Mr. Cumberland, however, professes to have done things quite equal to this by muscle reading, being directed in them by the muscular tremors of the hand kept inclosed in his. In this way, he says, he only followed direction, and knew nothing really of the mind, and only did as the tremors directed. He did, in other words, precisely what the hand he was holding

would have done, directed by the individual. In this, of course, there was no mind reading, but a guidance only by muscle signaling. Suppose, however, it was required to take hold of the hand and next tell any particular thought of the mind—not find anything or to do anything that the hand of the individual might do, but simply to take the hand and say, not act out, what the thought was—then this could only be gotten direct from the mind, and in no other way, as mere muscle reading, in this case, would simply be impossible. In this case it would be necessary to see thought itself, to tell what it was, which the thrill of the muscles would not admit of. And yet young Taylor can do this. He has been mentally requested, for instance, to play a certain air on the organ, one of a number played by him. When catching hold of the hand to know what it was, he would go to the organ and play it, using both hands for the purpose. Had he been playing by direction only of the muscles of the hand, he could not have let go the hand before beginning to play and played with both hands.

"But he has done better even than this. Any figure, or any number of figures, being thought of, he has readily announced what it or they were, calling them out singly or in combination as desired. For instance, suppose that the figures 5, 3, and 8 were separately thought of. Then these were promptly told out one by one, and announced singly as thought of; or suppose, again, these were thought of as 538, then this number, or 538, would be told. Some time ago, knowing that he did not understand Latin, I improvised a short Latin sentence—*test mihi voluntas ut legis meam mentem*—and asked him to tell me what it was. This was made out slowly, but quite accurately, the words being spelled out, letter by letter. It is proper to say, too, that these were called out at once without going over the alphabet and getting at them in this way, one by one, on the order of 'stable rapping.' Nothing was said, really, more than to call out the letters in their proper order.

"Without mentioning other feats of this young man, the question next occurs, Upon what other ground can we explain this telling of figures and calling out Latin than upon the silent impress of mind upon mind? This is the explanation, in fact, that young Taylor gives of his 'mind reading,' as it is called, or that he only interprets everything by impression. He knows nothing of muscle reading, feels nothing of the sort, sees nothing, hears nothing, is not aware even of any particular exaltation of the perception, but simply finds certain thoughts or wishes of another impressed on him. His great difficulty, he says, is to get a correct impression from some who either lack concentration of mind or allow the too frequent intrusion of other thoughts into it. For a good effect impressions must be forcible and sharp cut, and the mind must be kept steadily and exclusively as possible on the subject. He thinks the hand acts only as a conductor of impression, and regards it as indispensable for that purpose, as the current of impression is transmitted in this way, without which he could tell nothing. In conclusion, I may add that in his performances there is usually considerable disturbance of his physical being. His respiration often becomes slow and labored, pulse usually goes up from ten to twenty beats above normal to the minute, there is heavy sighing at times, and sometimes so much exhaustion as to necessitate temporary rest."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Lodgings in Colorado Desert.

"There are many queer experiences to be met with in traveling through the Colorado Desert," said a railroad man who spent some time at a survey in that country to a reporter of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. "While camping out near Lone Palm I was awakened one night by a sick feeling in the stomach. When I arose, to my surprise the tent was filled with gas, and under my pillow I discovered a hot spring, that had evidently just sprung up during the night. The country is dangerous about Volcano Springs. There are four springs there, which seem to be filled with boiling mud. Some parts of it are as cool as ice. Then you may walk on parts of it as if on firm ground. It would not be safe to venture out on it, for it may sink in at any moment and throw one into boiling mud sure enough. I had a narrow escape on one of the springs one day, and shall never forget it."